

WHIZ COMICS

JULY
NO. 6

10¢

CAPTAIN
MARVEL
and the
CIRCUS OF
DEATH



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JULY, 1940. VOL. 1, NO. 1

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THE TOUGHER THEY
ARE, THE BETTER
I LIKE IT!

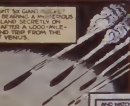
Capt. MARVEL

FOOLS! THIS
IS BILLY BATSON,
BRINGING YOU THE INSIDE
DOPE ON ONE OF THE
STRANGEST STORIES
I EVER
BROADCAST.



BILLY BATSON, RADIO REPORTER WHO
CAN BECOME CAPTAIN MARVEL, WORLD'S
MIGHTIEST MAN, REPLY BY SPEAKING
THE MAGIC WORD SHAZAM, GOES TO
TOWN AGAIN WITH ANOTHER
SENSATIONAL ADVENTURE.

THE NIGHT FOR GIANT INSECT!
SHIP, BEARING A WHITE GIGANTIC
GADGOLAND SECRETLY ON
EARTH AFTER A LONG JOURNEY -
A SECOND TRIP FROM THE
PLANET VENUS.



ALL THEY HAVE LANCED SAFELY.
WITHIN A FEW WEEKS I SHALL
BE ON - POKER THAN ANY
PLAN ON EARTH! AND THEN,
BECAUSE MONEY IS DOWN,
I SHALL BE THE MOST POWER-
FUL MAN ALIVE!



AND WATCHING THEIR AGONY IS THE SMILING
SCIENTIST DR. MANA, WHOSE EVIL GIGANTIC
SHIPS WITH DREAD SCHEMES OF DESTRUCTION.

A WEEK LATER, IN A SMALL SUBURBAN TOWN JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY LIMITS.

WORLD'S GREATEST CIRCUS
ROCKS! RIPS! RIPS!
GIGANTIC STUPENDOUS CIRCUS!

SEE LOOK AT THOSE TIGERS!

YEAH, THEY'RE THE PERFECTIONEST
LOOKING ONES I EVER SAW!
BOY, I'M GONNA GO SEE 'EM.



HURRY, HURRY, HURRY
FOLKS! IT'S THE GREATEST
SHOW IN THE UNIVERSE! IT'S
COLOSSAL - IT'S GIGANTIC -
IT'S STOOGEHOUS!

AND THE SHOW BEGINS, PRACTICALLY THE ENTIRE
BIRLAGE OF THE VILLAGE TURNS OUT
FOR THE GALT EVENT.

FOLKS, I'VE SEEN A LOT OF
CIRCUSES, BUT THIS LOOKS LIKE
IT'S GONNA TO BE THE GREATEST
THRILLER OF THEM ALL. LET ME
TELL YOU ABOUT THE ANIMALS
THEY'VE GOT HERE TODAY.



AMONG THE CARNALITY CROWD
PACKING THE BIG TENT, GARY
BRADON, AMERICA'S ACE RADIO
REPORTER, WHO SENSES THE
PROMISE OF A STORY.

IF YOU COULD SEE
THIS DRAGON, IN LOOKING
AT FOLKS, YOU WOULDN'T
BELIEVE IT.



GROPH!

BEFORE THE MAIN SHOW STARTS, GARY TAKES AND
LISTENS TO HEARD THE ANIMAL'S STRANGE
BEAST'S NEVER BEFORE SEEN ON EARTH.



OH, RIGHT THAT
A HORRIBLE BEAST.

I'LL SAY, LOOKS
LIKE SOME
FROM 100,000 B.C.

GRANT SPEED, CHIEF SHAKLE
THE FREE TRAIL, SET UP
OF A FURIOUS BROWN-SKIN
CLERKMAN, WHOSE HIDE IS
TOUGHER THAN A MODERN
ARMY TANK.



THEY CALL THESE BARKED
CROCODILES, FOLKS, I'LL BE
THEY'RE THE GRANDMOTHERS
OF THE MOST FEROCIOUS
CROCODILES EVER BORN.

ANOTHER ENCLOSURE DISPLAYS TWO DEADLY
DANGEROUS REPTILES WHOSE RAZOR-SHARP
TEETH COULD BITE THROUGH THICK WALLS.







THE BULLETS BOUNCE
RIGHT OFF THOSE DEVALS!
THEY'LL TEAR LOVELIA
TO PIECES!

AS THE TIGERS SOOING FOR THE UNCONSCIOUS
GAIL, A GUARD FIRES BUT THE STEEL-HOSED
CARTRIDGES ARE USELESS AGAINST THE ANIMALS.



I KILL TIGERS—SAVE LOVELIA, THEN
MAYBE SHE MARRY ME.

HOLD TIGHT,
CLARENCE!

WITH LOVELIA IN DANGER, CLARENCE THE
MADMAN STROUGHS HIS MIGHTY MUSCLES
AGAINST THE STEEL BARS OF THE TIGER CAGE.



THE GIRL WILL BE
KILLED! THIS IS A
JOB FOR CAPTAIN
MADUEL—
SHAZAM!

CLICK

DISCONNECTING HIS PORTABLE TRANSMITTER
TO THE RADIO AUDIENCE YALL NOT HEAR HIM,
BILLY SPEAKS THE MAGIC WORD.



A GIANTIC LIGHTNING BOLT CRASHES DIRECTLY
AT THE SPOT WHERE BILLY IS SITTING.



I HOPE I CAN
GET DOWN THERE
IN TIME.

AND CAPTAIN MADUEL,
WORLD'S MIGHTIEST ST
MAN, LEADS TO THE
RESCUE!

LOOK
AT THAT
MAN!

WHERE DO
HE CAME
FROM

HE MUST
BE PART OF
THE SHOW.

WOW!









WITHOUT HESITATING, THE WORLD'S FIGHTTEST MAN LIFTS THE CHARGING BEAST OVER HIS HEAD AND—



—JACK'S THE ELEPHANT'S TUCKS INTO THE GROUND, PLACING THE MAN-KILLER AS HELPLESS AS A BABY.



IN WILD PANIC, THE SPECTATORS FIGHT THEIR WAY OUT OF THE CIRCUS TENT.



BUT A WOMAN AND HER CHILD LAST TO LEAVE THE BIG TOP ARE SWEEPED BY THE TWO GIANT CROCODILES WHICH CLARENCE THE PANIC MAN HAS ALSO SET FREE.



BOLDLY THE WORLD'S FIGHTTEST MAN PLACES HIMSELF BETWEEN THE 'Savage Reptiles' AND THE ESCAPING WOMAN.



AFTER THAT I GIVE YOUR BIL, OLD BLANKENBROWN HERE, SOMETHING TO OCCUPY HIS TIME AND HIS TEETH.



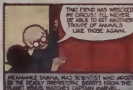
THE FIRST MARVEL THOUGHTS THE FIRST ANIMALS WERE THE MOST DANGEROUS.

BY DEFLECTING THE PROCEEDS WITH THE OTHER BEASTS, THEN WRAPPING A ROCK AROUND THE TIPS OF BOTH LILLY FINGERS, HE RECOVERED THE CROCODILE'S BLOOD-RED.

AND WHEN I GET ALL THROUGH WITH BOTH OF YOU, NEITHER OF YOU WILL BE MUCH GOOD AT BITING ANYBODY.



THIS FRIEND HAS WISDOM! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET ANOTHER TROUPE OF ANIMALS LIKE THOSE AGAIN.



MEANWHILE SARAH, ALSO SCIENTIST WHO WORKS IN THE DEADLY DROMEDARIAN BEASTS FROM THE FANTASY WORLD, WATCHES CAPTAIN MARVEL.

WELL, I HAVE WAYS TO DEAL WITH OUR FINE, HEROIC CAPTAIN MARVEL!



GET HIM, BOY! TEAR HIM TO RIBBONS!



A MOMENT LATER THE DREAD GORILLION, NOW FEROCIOUS BEAST IN HISTORY, THUNDERED TOWARD THE UNSUSPECTING MARVEL.

I'VE LOST MY BALANCE! BUT GO GET HIM, BOY!

WHAT'S THIS?



THE FEROCIOUS THING WENT, JONES WAS SCREAMING!

IT ISN'T POLITE TO SHREAM UP BEHIND PEOPLE LIKE THAT, MY FRIEND.



RATHER THAN LIGHTNING, MARVEL BEGINS HIS FIGHT AND WRAPS HIS MIGHTY ARMS AROUND THE GORILLION'S THROAT.

TENDING HIS POWERFUL LEG MUSCLES, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MAN IS UPS HIGH INTO THE AIR.

YOU AND I ARE GOING ON A LITTLE AIR JOURNEY - BUT YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE THE RETURN TRIP ALONE.



THE ONLY COLLISION
IN THE UNIVERSE —
AND NOW HE'S
DEAD! TO BETTER
GET OUT OF HERE.

CRASH!



CAPTAIN MARVEL RELEASES HIS GOLD AND
THE DEADLY ANIMAL CHARGES TOWARD

HE'LL SETTLE WITH THEM LATER. RIGHT NOW
I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE THESE ANIMALS OF
HIS WILL NEVER HARM ANYONE AGAIN.



GATHERING ONE CORNER OF THE TENT IN HIS
HAND, MARVEL FLASHES ACROSS THE ARENA
ON A STRANGE APPROACH.

NOW I'VE GOT ALL THESE
"WILD, FEROCIOUS"
BEASTS JUST WHERE
I WANT THEM.



HE PULLS ALL THE CORNERS TOGETHER,
FORMING A GIANT BAG IN WHICH THE ANIMALS
FROM VENUS ARE IMPRISONED.

I DON'T
THINK ANYBODY
IS GOING TO MISS
THESE LITTLE
FLAMMERS.



DRAGGING THE CIRCUS TENT BEHIND HIM,
MARVEL RACES THROUGH THE AIR TOWARD
THE DEADEND.

THAT'S THE
END OF THEM,
AND NOW
TO FIND
SHANNA.



PALES OUT OVER THE
OCEAN HE DROPS THE
TENT AND ITS CARGO
OF SHAKING BEASTS
INTO A WATERY GRAVE.

BUT SHANNA IS DACING BACK
TO VENUS — AND TATTLING.



YOU OUTWITTED ME
THAT TIME, CAPTAIN
MARVEL. BUT I'LL BE
BACK — DON'T
WORRY, I'LL BE
BACK.

AND IF SOMEONE
HADN'T DESTROYED
THOSE DANGEROUS
BEASTS, THERE'S
NO TELLING HOW
MANY INNOCENT
PEOPLE MIGHT HAVE
BEEN KILLED.

THE NIGHT BILLY (CAPT. MARVEL)
WAS ON BROADCASTS THE STORY
OF THE CIRCUS WHICH ALMOST
BECAME A TRAGEDY.

THE MOST THRILLING ADVENTURE
OF THEIR LIVES, BILLY
BATSON AND HIS OTHER BOYS,
CAPTAIN MARVEL, IN THE
AUGUST ISSUE OF

WHIZ COMICS
DON'T MISS IT!

BOYS AND GIRLS!
HERE'S THE
BIGGEST NEWS
YOU EVER HEARD!

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 WORLD'S BIGGEST COMICS MAGAZINE

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NOW
10¢

GOLDEN ARROW

PLUNGING BOLDLY INTO A STAMPEDE
Herd OF WILD STEERS, GOLDEN ARROW,
DAUNTLESS HERO OF THE OLD WEST,
FINDS HIMSELF HURLED ABRUPTLY INTO
A STRANGE ADVENTURE IN WHICH LIFE
ITSELF HANGS IN THE BALANCE.



RUN, WHITE
WIND, RUN! WE'VE
GOT A BIG JOB ON
OUR HANDS.



GOLDEN ARROW, GREAT
CHAMPION OF THE WEST, RIDES
TOWARD DANGER ON HIS MIGHTY STEED.

FOLLOW ME—
THERE'S A
STAMPEDE!
HURRY!



HE SHOUTS TO VILLAGERS TO
HELP HIM STOP THE CATTLE AS
THEY CHARGE, MAD WITH FEAR.

WE MUST STOP THOSE
WILD CATTLE BEFORE
THEY TRAMPLE SOMEONE
TO DEATH!



MEN FROM THE VILLAGE AND FROM
THE RANCHES TRY DESPERATELY TO
HUNT THE RAMBAGING BEASTS.

RUN, YOU BAG
OF BONES.
RUN!



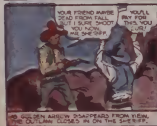
GRUTE BRADDOCK IS CAUGHT IN
THE PATH OF THE RUSHING STEERS.



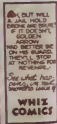




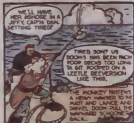














A LONE BOAT ON A FLURRY CAFT WHEN A TOSSED DANGEROUSLY IN THE CHOPPY SPARK-INFESTED WATERS.



WELCOME TO THE BROWN BOAT OF WARD

WELCOME IS RIGHT! YOUR BOAT IS CERTAINLY A WELCOME SIGHT.

TAIN'T NO CUREN EELSEETH, BUT, BUT, BE MORE COMFORTABLE THAN THAT THERE RAFT.



OH - I - I - EVERYTHING'S GETTING BLACK!



BUT THE CREW OF THE BROWN BOAT QUICKLY RESCUES THE HALF-STARVED CABINER.

FEELING BETTER MA'AM? OH YES, THANKS, YOU SO MUCH, THIS IS THE FIRST NOURISHMENT I'VE HAD IN FOUR DAYS.

WONDERFUL!

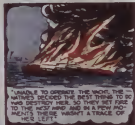
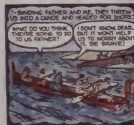
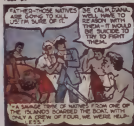


MY NAME IS DIANA WYNLOW. YOU MAY HAVE HEARD OF MY FATHER, DOCTOR DEWE WYNLOW. HE AND I WERE ON A VACATION CRUISE WHEN THIS - THIS HORRIBLE THING HAPPENED.

WHEN SHE REGAINS HER STRENGTH THE GIRL INTRODUCES HERSELF AND TELLS LANCE AND OPHY A SHOCKING STORY OF BLOOD AND TERROR.



A WEEK AGO, DAD AND I WERE SAILING THROUGH THE ISLANDS IN OUR OLD SLOOP. WEST WIND, WHEN I COULDN'T













WHIZ MAGIC

WHIZ MASTER MAGICMAN—HAS MORE TRICKS FOR YOU THIS MONTH. THESE ARE SOME OF HIS BEST TRICKS, AND REQUIRE VERY LITTLE PRACTISE TO AMSTIFY YOUR FRIENDS.....

BALANCING A PAPER MATCH ON YOUR THUMB!



HERE'S HOW IT'S DONE—

BEND THE THUMB SLIGHTLY INWARD, SET THE MATCH ON THE CREASE AT THE JOINT. WHEN THE THUMB IS EXTENDED, THE CREASE, ACTING AS A SUPPORT, HOLDS THE MATCH UPRIGHT!

MAGIC HANDS

YOU CAN FORCE IT THROUGH YOUR HAND!



TAKE A BLUNT MATCH, AND MAKE A MARK ON THE PALM OF YOUR HAND, AS IN FIGURE NO. 1. THEN CLOSE THE HAND, AND MAKE A MARK ON THE BACK OF IT, AS IN FIGURE NO. 2. THEN BRING THAT MARK, WHILE THE HAND IS STILL CLOSED... AS THE HAND IS KEPT CLOSED THE MARK ON THE PALM WILL BE DUPLICATED FORMING A CROSS AS IN FIGURE NO. 3.

The COIN ESCAPE—



PLACE A DIME IN THE BOTTOM OF A WINE GLASS, AND OVER THE DIME, A QUARTER. THEN ASK ONE OF YOUR FRIENDS TO REMOVE THE DIME FROM BETWEEN THE QUARTER WITHOUT TOUCHING THE COIN, OR UPSETTING THE GLASS!

SOLUTION—

BLOW FORCEFULLY DOWN THE INSIDE OF THE GLASS—AND THE DIME IS RELEASED!



COIN TRICK

LAY DOWN SEVEN PENCE COINS SO AS TO FORM A CROSS, AS SHOWN... THEN BY LIFTING TWO COINS ONLY REPLACE THEM TO MAKE BOTH ARMS OF THE CROSS COUNT UP TO THE SAME NUMBER.

SOLUTION—PICK UP COINS "A" AND "B" AND PLACE THEM ON CENTER COIN.

A BEGGAR Reclaimed

"TUGH: HOW HOL."

"BRIE!" dramatically announced the lady in black as the door had been slowly opened for us to enter the "non-temple" doors by possibly one man with the beggar sitting there, on the cathedral steps. A high whisperer walked from the north to the southern church doors. The marble steps of the cathedral were actually covered with deep pile carpet. An endless procession of expensive, diamond-driven women ran down to the north and the purple bar-baiter ladies and other-baited men. Then, like a dawn-morning snake, the line rounded the corner and disappeared down a side street.

Lane Johnson, a perfectly good, healthy big disabled under him to give the impression he was a cripple, sat on the lowest step, feet and extended. He was begging. This was the biggest wedding of the season — his church path up through money to go on a spree for an entire week. He held his lips in anticipation of the first returned look waiting for him to Dealer's down in the Battery.

"Better wait for us at the parking garage," a tall grey-sunglass man said as he disappeared. Lane knew that voice. He looked up as the man turned toward the church. With a real shock, the first Lane had heard in many years, he recognized his old pal Jim McArthur. Jim — with whom he had gone to school, in shared apartments, a sensation that he would not have believed he could possibly have felt, he rose from his squatted position and pushed his way through the crowd flanking the church entrance. "That's McArthur, the big criminal lawyer," one of the on-lookers was saying.



An incredible impulse drove Lane back to the church. Oxygen never flowed out through the cathedral walls. He crept through the gigantic doors. The broken procession was halfway down the aisle; all attention was centered on the bride. He ran around the beggar. To him the wedding service, the music, the lovely floral decorations, the strong smell of incense incense, all melted into a mass of many years ago.

“COME ALONG, JIM!”

Within Johnson, some lightness in his friends at Lane, called out to his pal, Jim McArthur. “How is,” he continued, looking by random to an empty step. “It’s going on to the country club—well, damn, are there tonight?”

“Yes, thanks, Lane,” smilingly replied Jim, a tall, sparsely-haired young man of eighteen. “I’ve got work to do tonight. Bye to mother, you know.”

“Ah, come on, Jim,” called Lane. “These country clubs were made a year, but a dinner like the one in the country club tonight means early work to a Million. Come on, Jim.” He and another diamond-crusher met, grabbed Jim and pulled the re-sensitizing boy into the air. They showed away toward the country club. It was quite evident Lane had again been drinking. His parents were the wealthiest people in town—his father owned the movie mills, and his mother had inherited a fortune in mining stock from her father. Jim’s father, on the other hand, was by an iron side. Jim’s dad was only a grocer in town.

“Why don’t you look where you’re going?” dramatically started Lane in one of the couples suddenly bumped into him on the church steps.

“That goes for you double, you big lug,” snapped the boy who had collided with him.



"Come in, Lain," shouted Jim, tugging at his pal's arm. "Let's get out of here and go home."

"Oh, hey!" mumbled the humpbacked man, "that's a swell name for him. Lain! He! He! that's a beauty." Lain pushed Jim away and swung at the mugging kid. He hit him straight in the brain. The boy fell backwards and hit his head against a stone radiator. He seemed to have a moment to realize, then crashed into a lifeless heap.

"He! He!" screamed the fellow kid's dancing partner. "You've killed him," she yelled, dancing on Lain's face.

"Fudge!" "Hoy!" "He! He! killed him!" "Mow!" "Hold him!" "Don't let him get away!" the crowd shouted. Everybody was yelling and screaming at once. Several women were running around, waving their arms hysterically.

"The door is blocked," Jim shouted. "Come on, Lain—the window—the back window!" Lain got the idea and his sun-bronzed brain. He was rapidly becoming crafty after. The two boys crashed through the window screen and landed in the shrubbery below. They were at the window and hanging up the clubhouse monkey

before the frenzied crowd in the dance hall missed them.

Two hours later, at the first gas station across the state line, the Jim "stealer" boy wrote the story column of the leading paper in their home town.

"There, Jim," focused over the wire, "that monkey club sleep dead!" Lain heard the words. When Jim hung up, Lain was already on his way. More than thirty years had passed since then, but go on over again based from or about Lain.

LOOK! Good heavens! Lain Johnson? Jim McArthur was shaking him. The wedding critic and most of the guests had already fled out from the cathedral. "Who didn't you ever let your folks or home hear from you?" asked Jim when they had separated at a dark corner of the church.

"With a charge of murder hanging over me?" quipped Lain.

"There wasn't any charge of murder, Lain," responded Jim. "That fellow didn't like the report my uncle got was all wrong. In less than a week that boy was in good at now."

"And I've spent my whole life running away from a phantom," half-sighed Lain. "I've

never loved and never lost. Ours is the very bottom of life did I feel at all safe. For the past year I've been a beggar."

"That's all ended now," Jim smiled.

"No!" interrupted Lain. "Don't bother about now—I've gone down too far. I'm just a drifter here now. No money, and no way to earn any, except by begging."

"Your parents are both dead," protested Jim. "Have even of the same feelings as you. I'm one of the survivors, so I'm advancing you some money as money. Get yourself fixed out in new clothes, go to the best hotel and remember you have nothing to fear. Come to my office tomorrow morning and we'll go over the details of your inheritance, Mr. William Johnson." He handed Lain a set of bills and his business card. "You'll be a difference man to them," was his parting shot as he turned to go.

Lain, with the card and the set of bills crumpled in one hand, back down to the dark and cathedral. With his arms swinging down his dirty, unshaven, wrinkled cheeks, he moved out his deep thanks to God.

The End.

TRY MARTIN

A NEW BATTLESHIP,
SECRETLY CONSTRUCTED
TO BE THE FASTEST
STRONGEST THING AFOAT,
IS ABOUT TO BE LAUNCHED.



BUT WHILE ALL EYES ARE ON THE CRUISE,
SECRET HANDS REMOVE THE CHAMPAGNE
AND REPLACE IT WITH A BOTTLE CONTAINING
A DEADLY EXPLOSIVE!



"DRINK IT HARD
AND SWING IT
STRAIGHT, EVE!"

"I'LL DO MY
BEST, DADDY."



EVE, DAUGHTER OF ALAN ARMSTRONG,
IS TO DO THE LAUNCHING.

EVE'S FATHER, RICH
ALAN ARMSTRONG,
HAS HIS UTTER JOBS.

"IT SEEMS A SHAME TO
WASTE SUCH A
PRETTY BOTTLE.
MAY I JUST TOUCH
IT BEFORE YOU
SMASH IT?"

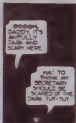


"WHAT'S THE
MATTER, ALAN?
YOU LOOK WORRIED."

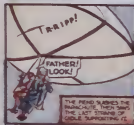
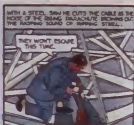
"SOMETHING FISHY
HERE—CHAMPAGNE
ISN'T THIS HEAVY."

















**WHAT ARE
THESE PLANS?**

FOR THE ANSWER
READ
SPY SMASHER
IN NEXT MONTH'S

**WHIZ
COMICS**

DAN DARE

Dan Dare
The Mystery

DAN DARE, AMERICA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED PRIVATE DETECTIVE, AND CAROL CLINE, HIS BEAUTIFUL ASSISTANT, FACE A DAZZLING MYSTERY AT THE NEW YORK WORLD

TELEGRAM

DAN DARE
C/O GIANTIC STUDIOS
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

MYSTERY STALKS FAIR GROUND. GRAVE
MENACE THREATENS MILLIONS OF VIS-
ITORS. IMPERATIVE YOU COME AT
ONCE.

COL. PARSONS,
SUPERINTENDENT
WORLD'S FAIR

DAN DARE AND CAROL CLINE, FLYING FROM HOLLYWOOD, APPROACH THE MENACED EXPOSITION GROUNDS.



THESE WHAT WILL
HAPPEN TO THOSE
VISITORS CAROL, IF
WE DON'T SOLVE
THAT MYSTERY.

OH, DAN,
THERE'S THE
WORLD'S FAIR!

DAN AND CAROL DISCUSS THE MYSTERY WITH
COLONEL PARSONS, SUPERINTENDENT OF
THE FAIR.



HAVE PERSONS
HAVE DIS-
APPEARED
DURING THE
PAST TWO
WEEKS,
DAN.

WAS ANY-
THING ELSE
UNUSUAL
HAPPEN-
ED
DURING
THAT PERIOD?

ONLY THE BURNING
OF THE CHINESE TEM-
PLE EXHIBIT TWO
WEEKS AGO.

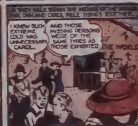
THAT DOESN'T
OFFER ANY
STARTLING CLUE.



NO, THAT'S ALREADY
BEEN REPLACED.
NEW BUILDING
OPENING TODAY,
IN FACT.

WE'LL DO EVERYTHING
POSSIBLE, COLONEL PAR-
SONS, TO FIND THE
CRIMINALS.





DAN DISCOVERS AN UNDERWORLD CHARACTER
CONSIDERABLY IN FRONT OF HIM.



"I WONDER WHAT
LEFTY LOUIS
IS UP TO
CAROL."

"HE'S GETTING
DANGEROUSLY
CLOSE TO THAT
GAL."

THEY MUST BE QUICK TO SEE THOSE
STICK A NEEDLE INTO
THE YOUNG WOMAN'S ARM.



UNDER THE EFFECT OF THE HYPODERMIC THE
MAN ACCIDENTALLY LEFT DOWN THE HOLE.



"WELL, DAN, THAT
GAL IS GOING
ABOUT WITH
LEFTY."

"COME ON,
CAROL—
WE'LL FOLLOW
THEM."

DAN AND CAROL SEE "LEFTY" DISAPPEAR
WITH THE STRANGE DEATH.



"LEFTY'S THINKING
THAT GAL INTO
THE CHINESE
BUILDING."

"HURRY, DAN!
MAYBE WE CAN
SAVE HER
FROM HARM."

THEY DECIDE TO MAKE A SEARCH FOR SOME TRACE OF THE MISSING GUY.



"LEFTY WENT
THROUGH
A SECRET ENTRANCE,
CAROL."

"RIGHT—
HE NEVER
ENTERED THAT
DOOR."



"LOOKS AS IF
WE'RE STUMPED
DAN."

"NOT YET—
I HAVE
AN IDEA."





REMARKABLE 'LEFTY' TYPE'S CAROL AROUND THE TOWN OF EL CHON, A FRENCH COUNTRY WHO PREPARED LIVING MURMIES FOR THE BROTHERS' FUNERAL.



DAN RALLS ALONGSIDE THE BOAT.



PREPARATORY TO TRANSFORMING HER INTO A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION DOCTOR CHEN PLACES CAROL ON HIS OPERATING TABLE.



THE VILLAINOUS FRENCH DOCTOR CAROL INTO SUSPENSION.



PERCING THE SCREAMS DAN HURRIES ABOARD THE TOW-LIFE YACHT.



AFTER PLACING HIS VICTIMS IN A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION, THE MAD DOCTOR PREPARES THEM FOR DISPLAY AT THE MUSEUM.







TELEGRAM

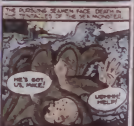
CAN SAVE
C/O COL. PARSONS, SOFT
WORLD'S FAIR.

WONDER TO HIM, EXCORT BY HIGGART
ON PLANE FROM NEW YORK TO FT.
WORTH, HE CARRIES PAPERS OF VITAL
IMPORTANCE TO THIS COUNTRY.

L. MONROE
MONROE PLANE CO.
FT. WORTH, TEXAS.

DUTY AND ADVENTURE AGAIN
CALL DAN INTO SERVICE FOR
ONE OF THE MOST DARING,
BREATH-TAKING THRILLS OF
HIS FASCINATING CAREER.

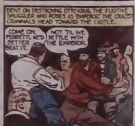
Whe Comics
Monroe Plane Co.
is the only place
to get
WHE'S
COMICS













WELL, SCOOP AND BLIMP ARE GOING TO TAKE THAT VACATION THEY'VE WANTED SO LONG, AND WHILE THEY'RE AWAY, THEIR PLACE ON THE PAGES OF WHIZ COMICS WILL BE OCCUPIED BY A BRAND-NEW, SENSATIONAL ADVENTURER WHOSE SPINE-TINGLING PICTURE-STORY WILL KEEP YOU ON THE EDGE OF YOUR CHAIR. LOOK FOR A THRILLING SURPRISE IN THE *August 1956* ISSUE OF **WHIZ COMICS**

IBIS

THE INVINCIBLE

(IBIS - PRONOUNCED EYE-BESS)

SOURCE OF THE EGYPTIAN PRINCE IBS' MAGICAL POWERS IN FIGHTING EVIL IS THE POTENT IDISTICK, WITH WHICH THE YOUNG MUSICIAN AND HIS BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS TALA - BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE 4000 YEARS AFTER THEIR DEATH IN ANCIENT THEBES - PERFORM MODERN MIRACLES TO BENEFIT MANKIND.



RETURNING HOME AFTER RESCUING TALA FROM KIDNAPPING BY THE OUTLAW MURDERER MURDER PALONE, IBS FLIES OVER THE OCEAN IN HIS FLEET AUTOGYRO.

IT SLIPPED OUT OF MY HAND!
IT'S FALLING INTO THE OCEAN.



SUDDENLY THE MAGIC IDISTICK, SOURCE OF ALL HIS POWER, FALLS FROM IBS' GRASP AND PLUMMETS DOWN TOWARD THE WATER.

LOOK! IT'S GOING TO LAND
ON THE DECK OF THAT
FISHING BOAT.

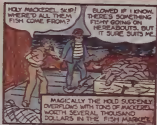


THE MIRACLE WAND
PLUNGES DOWN INTO AND -

WHAT'S THIS? MUSTA
DROPPED OUTTA THAT
THERE AIRPLANE.



- ALMOST HITS THE SKIPPY OF A
FISHING SHACK, HONKING SOUND
WITH A LIGHT HALL OF MACKEREL.



HOW TO FIND A FLYING
FIELD HERO!



HOURS LATER THE SMALL FISHING
CRAFT MAKES PORT IN A BEACONED
VILLAGE, HEADQUARTERS OF THE
MACKEREL FLEET.

HURRY, DARLING. WE'VE GOT TO
REACH THAT FISHING BOAT
CAPTAIN BEFORE HE LOSES
THE ISSTICK OR THROWS
IT AWAY.



THE NEAREST LANDING FIELD
IS SEVERAL MILES FROM TOWN
BEHIND A Seldom-USED DUNE.

HOW SOON CAN
YOU GET US TO
TOWN, SIR?

TWO, MAYBE THREE HOUR.
CAN'T ALLUS TELL. OLD
SEANUFFIN THERE AINT
FEELIN' NONE TOO WYD
GETTIN' ONE TWENTY-
EIGHT, HE IS.



PERSUADED, A FARMER OFFERS
THEM A RIDE IN HIS WAGON.

WHERE IS THE
CAPTAIN OF
THIS BOAT?

CAPT'N HOOKER? OH,
HE'S GONE HOME.
LIVES UP ON MAIN
STREET, HE DOES YEP.



WHEN THEY FINALLY REACH
THE FISHING DOCK, BOB AND
TINA FIND THAT ONLY THE
NIGHTWATCHMAN IS THERE.

HERE YARE, WILLIE.
MIGHTY NEAR FORGOT
TO GIVE YA THIS.

THANKS,
UNCLE TOM.

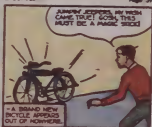


AT THAT MOMENT IN CAPTAIN
HOOKER'S HOUSE ON MAIN
STREET, THE SHIPPER SAYS HIS
GOODBYE TO THE ISSTICK.

THIS IS A BABY'S TOY.
SEE, I WISH UNCLE TOM
HAD BROUGHT ME A
BICYCLE INSTEAD.



ALONE IN HIS ROOM,
WILLIE INSPECTS HIS GIFT
WITH LITTLE PLEASURE.





JEET! I WISH I WAS
LOUZY WIT DOUGH BOING
IN ME OWN PRIVATE CAR.

AS THE FAST FREIGHT ROLLS
THROUGH THE NIGHT, THE
TRAMP MAKES AN IDLE WISH.



AND INSTANTLY THE POWERFUL
STICK, MAKES HIS DESIRE COME
TRUE, CHANGING THE SOB-CAR INTO A
STREAMLINED PRIVATE PULLMAN.

SO DYS IS DA TING DAT
COME ALL DIS! BOY OH
MAN! HAVE I GOT SOMETHIN'
EASY STREET HERE I COME

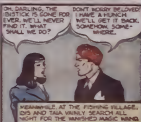
THE HOGO ONLY REALIZES
THAT THE STRANGE "PLAY-
THING" HE FOUND POSSESSED
MAGICAL POWERS.



OH, DARLING, THE
STICK IS GONE FOR
EVER. WE'LL NEVER
FIND IT. WHAT
SHALL WE DO?

DON'T WORRY BELOVED!
I HAVE A HUNCH
WE'LL GET IT BACK.
SOMEHOW, SOME-
WHERE.

MEANWHILE, AT THE FISHING VILLAGE,
DYS AND TARA VAINLY SEARCH ALL
NIGHT FOR THE WISHED MAGIC WING.



DAILY HERALD
HOGO-MILLIONAIRE
THREATENS AMERICA

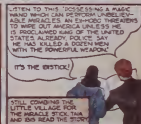


A WEEK LATER NEWSPAPERS
FEATURE A SENSATIONAL STORY

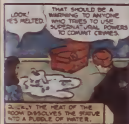
LISTEN TO THIS: 'POSSESSING A MAGIC
WAND WHICH CAN PERFORM UNBELIEV-
ABLE MIRACLES, AN EX-HOGO THREATENS
TO Wipe OUT AMERICA UNLESS HE
IS PROCLAIMED KING OF THE UNITED
STATES. ALREADY, POLICE SAY
HE HAS KILLED A DOZEN MEN
WITH THE POWERFUL WEAPON.'

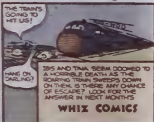
IT'S THE STICK!

STILL COMBING THE
LITTLE VILLAGE FOR
THE MIRACLE STICK, TARA
AND BEN READ THE STORY









WHIZ COMICS

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We trade small, two Super Strato-liner model airplane with four engines, for trade Write to: Eding Coon, 605 E. 24th St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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We trade original cartoons for cartoons to read (have you?) Write to: Martin Jarrow, 1140 Fourth Ave. West, Birmingham, Ala.

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We trade small disappearing view camera, for "books anything that you have" for what have you? Write to: Edward Blumstein, 68 Stone Rd., Boston, N. Y.

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We trade 25 foreign stamps for one postage book, unopened at least 25 years old. We also trade some stamps for other postage stamps. Write to: Ray Shawcross, Box 75, Princeton, Ind.

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